ELSEWHEN

The Quarterly Publication Dedicated to Exploring Mysteries of Time and Space

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ELSEWHEN
THE QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF
THE STRANGE & UNUSUAL PHENOMENA
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IN THIS ISSUE:

Scandals, Rumors & Controversies	3
Kill My Grandfather? I Couldn't Even Find ...	7
Fairies and the UFO Connection	8
The Hairy Man of the Caucasus	10
Subject: Time Travel — Part III	10
Strange Happenings in Northeast Scotland	11
Fortean Research on a Budget — Tip #3	15

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Greetings, friends! Welcome to the eleventh issue of *Elsewhen*. I hope all is well with you and yours.

As you can immediately see, there are a number of changes in this issue. In my ongoing attempt to improve *Elsewhen* with each issue, I have made a number of permanent changes to the format of this publication. I hope that the readers find these changes beneficial.

First of all, I have started using graphic images with the column headings. These visual cues will definitely complement the wording. As time goes by, I hope to expand the number of graphics and illustrations used in each issue of *Elsewhen*. I've wanted to do this for some time. It sure makes a difference to the appearance!

Secondly, I have dropped the dedication box on this page and introduced an index box for each issue. This will allow the reader to pick out specific articles or columns easier, saving wear and tear on the publication.

After such a brief time, our wonderful assistant editor, Sandra Dunn, has left us for new challenges—she's getting married! Although she never had a chance to actually do much work for *Elsewhen*, it was nice knowing that the publication would have been in good hands if I was unable to work on it. Thank you, Sandi! Assuming a somewhat modified position will be the exceptionally capable writer S. Ashley Kristensen. Welcome aboard, Ashley!

You will also notice changes to the front and back pages of *Elsewhen*, as well as the fact that the issue is now one page bigger (at least this time).

I am considering the introduction of a new phase to SUPRA's operations soon—regional correspondents! If you think this is a good idea, drop me a note or postcard. If we do go ahead with this, I have already decided who will be nominated for several of the positions because of past contributions. These correspondants will have a position one step above normal membership.

Now for the bad news: Although we were operating in the black part of last year, the situation has changed due to the rising costs of supplies and printing. So, unfortunately, the prices will have to go up a little starting with the next issue. If you choose, though, you can renew or extend your subscription up until June 1, 1992, to lock in the old prices. *Elsewhen* will still be the least expensive publication of its kind—others with a similar format are charging up to $5.00 each!

I strongly urge the readers to comment on articles they read in *Elsewhen*. I would like to start publishing "Letters to the Editor" again soon. Enjoy this issue!

Mark Gardner

What in the World?

Scandals, Rumors & Controversies

by
Mark Gardner and James McDonald
with suggestions from
Bob Marx, J.L. Kelly & Liz Bahr

During the past couple of hundred years there have arisen scores of strange and controversial stories and rumors that the normal, everyday person usually rejects without a second thought. Today the tabloids are the purveyors of this pseudo-news but for a long time these stories were passed along by word-of-mouth. In addition to these unbelievable stories or urban folklore, there is an even wider circle of suspicions, theories and conjectures that a lot of the history we are taught is not true. Just what is a hoax and what is the truth? If the truth was revealed, would it or could it do more damage than the lie itself? Just where do these scandals and controversies belong in the scheme of things? It's hard to say.

In this article we will be covering a wide variety of rumors, stories and suspected untruths. This is not a definitive, comprehensive handling of these subjects and we haven't covered every one we know of. (That would take us years to write!) Many of these stories and controversies are well-known, while others may be totally new to the reader. That is what we intended. In the subjects and topics listed below we will provide some comments and explanatory information. We have tried to approach each of the things we list below without prejudice and with an open mind. The reader will find some of these subjects controversial, if not downright upsetting. Please bear with us. The pursuit of knowledge and truth sometimes passes through hazardous territory. We do *not* have any personal axes to grind.

Atlantis was a real place. Sorry, despite what many thousands of people have believed, there *never* was a *real* Atlantis. It is and was an imaginary place invented by Plato to use in a story. It was based loosely on the memories of the explosive volcanic destruction of the island of Thera during the Minoan-Mycenaean period long before Plato lived. Atlantis is only as real as the Land of Oz. You can tell that someone is either fantasizing or a fraud when they have visions of Atlantis or claim to have lived there in a previous life. We have studied a case told to Jim by a psychologist who used to conduct past-life regressions. Under hypnosis "Pam" reported that in her previous life she was a farmer in Oz. The subconscious playing tricks! Fiction can become very real. There is no historical or geological proof for an Atlantis.

The pyramids were built by aliens. This is one of the most asinine theories (fantasies?) that was ever made. There are contemporary paintings and descriptions of how and why the pyramids were built. The builders were human. Quarry marks (made by people) can be seen on some stones. The ancient Egyptians were a very clever people and more than capable of erecting such a structure if they put the necessary resources into the project. Don't sell some of our ancestors short! One of the biggest lies about the pyramids is that modern man couldn't duplicate them. This is garbage. It would be *extremely* expensive today with labor, material and equipment costs but it could be done. With thousands of obedient workers (and possibly slaves) toiling away for years, the ancient Egyptians did it all by themselves. No super-beings or aliens were needed.

Jesus never lived. Despite what the Church has been saying for centuries, there is no proof that Jesus of Nazareth ever lived. The Bible is the only real source we have that there was a man named Jesus. This is unusual, as you would expect such an important person to appear in many different *contemporary* texts. We have some concern about this, since the story of Jesus didn't appear until long after He was supposed to have lived. Indeed, if you think that the New Testament is just a good story, then Jesus is only as real as Sherlock Holmes, Rhett Butler or James Bond. Belief in Jesus is a matter of faith. You shouldn't believe in Him just because someone tells you to do so. We tend to believe that He did live, despite the apparent lack of proof.

Joseph Smith was a fraud. (Note: We both have LDS relatives that we love, so we have no ulterior motive here.) The Mormons or Latter-Day Saints trace their origin back to this man who claimed to have received a revelation from God through an angel named Moroni. Smith was given golden plates to translate. These plates supposedly told the story of Hebrews who came to North America in ancient times and a visit by Jesus to the Native Americans. This became the Book of Mormon. Unfortunately, there is just *no* archaeological evidence to support the stories in the book. One major problem is that the plates were apparently written in Egyptian hieroglyphics. Ancient Hebrews would *never* have recorded their story in the language of their *old* enemy! Another major problem is that the Bible states that a genuine prophet of God can and will only tell the truth, and that their prophecies always come true. Joseph Smith lied on more than one occasion and made predictions that did not (and will not) come true. Another question: If the Book of Mormon is the final revelation of God and is complete, why have several hundred changes been made to it in the past 100+ years? How can you justify changes to something that was perfect in the first place? There are other difficult questions, too. Again, this is a matter of faith. We leave it up to the reader to decide.

Heavier-than-air vehicles flew in the late 1800's. This is very possible but highly unlikely due to the limitations of the technology of the time. Still, it is possible that some brilliant inventor(s) came up with a way to leap over this barrier. But why keep such an achievement a closely-guarded secret? Inventors are a curious lot—they guard their inventions during development like a lioness with her cubs but stand up and crow it to the world when they have a success. Why would these brilliant men keep it a secret?

The* Lusitania *was an innocent passenger ship. The sinking of this ship by a German U-boat in 1915 was the action that supposedly led to the eventual U.S. entry into the First World War. Everyone was appalled and shocked at how the Germans could torpedo an innocent passenger ship. The *Lusitania* was *not* innocent. The Germans had warned that any ship carrying arms and soldiers in the Atlantic was fair game. Some researchers have apparently proved that the *Lusitania* was carrying arms and soldiers in civilian clothes. As such she was a legitimate target. Those men who planned the shipment of war matériel on a passenger liner sacrificed the passengers in their Machiavellian scheme to sneak arms by the U-boats in the Atlantic. British and American officials are probably to blame for the tragedy. Some experts feel that Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, then both in very high positions with their respective navies, are the ones who planned this action to get the U.S. in the war.

The Germans had secret weapons under development during WWII. They sure did, but they did *not* have flying saucers or death rays. If the Nazis had had a lot more time, they would have been able to bring more jet fighters, very long-range rockets, and possibly nuclear weapons into use in the war. This might have changed the outcome.

Roosevelt intentionally left Pearl Harbor vulnerable to attack to get the U.S. into WWII. Yes, you might laugh about this one. Ridiculous, you say. We thought so until recently. But after hearing this rumor for a long time and reading Pulitzer Prize winner John Toland's excellent book, *Infamy*, we have changed our opinion. At the very least, the Government — meaning FDR and his military staff — screwed up royally. But the evidence now seems to strongly show that something suspicious was going on and the blood of all the dead at Pearl Harbor might just be on Roosevelt's hands. The proof of Japan's plans was known (because of code breakers) well enough in advance for an alert to get to Pearl Harbor. We urge you to read the book mentioned. Your blood will boil. You will never think of FDR the same way again.

The Holocaust never happened. Some historians and "historical revisionists" claim that the deliberate Nazi extermination of Jews during WWII never happened. These scholars are normal, intelligent people and are definitely *not* Neo-Nazis or Anti-Semites. They point to a lack of evidence (especially of "gas chamber" buildings) and the wildly conflicting testimony from survivors. Although it is definite that there are many distortions and lies about the Holocaust, a great many Jews, Slavs and Gypsies *did* die during the war. Does it really matter if the Nazis had killed one, four or six million people? The numbers are not important, it is the idea itself. Even if the SS had only killed 250,000 Jews, that would be absolutely horrible. Many of the people supposedly gassed actually died of disease and malnutrition after the Allied bombing campaign disrupted German supply lines. The Russians are to blame for many deaths attributed to the Nazis. This has now been proven. Many "gassed" Jews have turned up alive and well in Europe or Israel years later. It has also been established that many of the camp survivors lied about certain events and conditions. Their motivations are sometimes unclear. Although all of the details will never be known, blaming the Nazis for *everything* is not accurate. The Holocaust is not a myth but there are many unanswered questions.

The Pope knew about the Holocaust and did nothing to stop it. As painful as it may be to Catholics, there is absolutely no doubt that the Pope knew about the fate of the Jews from an early date. The real question is why nothing was done. Many people believe that the Vatican secretly approved of the "elimination" of the "hated Jews" of Europe. If you read through the history of 1900 years of European anti-semitism you might be tempted to believe that the Vatican would support this horrible policy. We must also remember that both Hitler and Mussolini grew up in Catholic environments. Although there is no way to know the truth now, we feel that the Pope's hands were probably tied and he could not do anything but sit back silently. The Vatican, in many ways, was being held hostage by the Fascists of Germany and Italy.

The Allies knew about the Holocaust and did nothing to stop it. Churchill and Roosevelt knew some details of what the Jews and others were going through. Because of wartime priorities, though, there was probably little that they could do. It was suggested that an air raid could put the camps permanently out of commission. Those present at that time would be sacrificed to prevent future deaths. There were two major problems: Military and civilian targets were much more important to use valuable bomber resources on *and* most of the camps were located in occupied territory, especially Poland. Bombing prisoners in "friendly" (but occupied) countries might have caused great diplomatic problems. Still, it is possible that something could have been done. We weren't there with Roosevelt or Churchill while they were doing the best they could to get the war over as soon as possible. This subject is too complex to cover satisfactorily in this article.

"The Diary of Anne Frank" is a literary hoax. This is a little spoken of theory. The book based apparently on the diaries of the Dutch-Jewish girl, who hid out from the Nazis during WWII, appeared after the war. Anne's father returned to the Netherlands after the war and supposedly found her diaries still in the attic where she had left them.

They were eventually compiled into a book and became an international classic, read by millions of people (including us), and were also adapted into plays and movies. First of all, would the Germans have left anything behind, like the diaries, after they discovered the concealed Jews in the attic? It seems to us that the attic would have been *thoroughly* searched for valuables and contraband after the Jews were taken away. Would the diaries have been left behind? Suppose the Nazis had been sloppy and left them behind, why then are these diaries locked away in a bank vault today where nobody can study them? An authenticated sample of Anne Frank's handwriting — a letter — does not match any of the released photocopied samples of diary pages. (Note: We have personally seen copies of both and they do *not* match.) What is going on? Are the diaries a total fabrication? If the evidence we have seen is genuine, then there are several possibilities: Anne Frank's handwriting completely changed practically overnight, the diaries are complete literary fabrications done to make money or for political propaganda, or the originals were lost and the diaries were recreated from Mr. Frank's memories of the events that happened during the months in the attic. We personally feel that the last one is the correct answer, if the locked away diaries are what they appear to be. So, the story told is basically what happened and not a total invention. After all is said and done, though, we must not forget that the diaries may in fact be the genuine article and that there is a perfectly logical explanation for the contrary evidence. This fact must be emphasized: *The Diary of Anne Frank* is one of the most interesting and moving pieces of literature in existence, whether these are the actual words of Anne Frank or the recreations of her father. Hopefully, some of the events of WWII will never be repeated.

The U.S. Navy conducted an experiment which made a ship invisible. The so-called Philadelphia Experiment is and was a hoax invented by a kook named "Carlos Allende" or "Carl Allen". This guy took an innocent, completely explainable degaussing experiment and created a science fiction story. The ship was supposedly the *U.S.S. Eldridge*, suspiciously (Allende's tongue-in-cheek sense of humor?) like the word "eldritch" (look it up in the dictionary). Both of us are U.S. Navy veterans and checked into this while we were on active duty. The stories of the supposed witnesses do *not* hold water.

The Government recovered a crashed UFO in New Mexico. Despite the many stories and rumors since 1947 there is no concrete evidence to support this story, despite the so-called MJ-12 stuff and many "witnesses". We believe that it is false or a misinterpretation. Clever hoaxers have invented almost believable documentation and conspiracy-mongers have twisted genuine (and unrelated) documents to fit this fantasy. Although some wreckage was found, it was not of alien origin. The government is more likely keeping the lid on a failed and highly classified military experiment, *not* a crashed UFO. This is *very* reminiscent of what happened when several Stealth fighters crashed while the whole project was still highly classified a few years ago.

UFOs have intentionally destroyed fighter aircraft. Give us a break! Where is the proof? There is *none.* Military aircraft crash on a regular basis. There are no extraterrestrial causes at work here. This rumor is completely derived from science fiction stories, like *The War of the Worlds* and *Earth vs. The Flying Saucers*. This is that kind of stuff where the nuts claim that since you can't prove it's false, it must be true. That's twisted logic.

UFOs are actually secret man-made aircraft. Very possible. As a matter of fact, we strongly suspect that this is the real story behind those tiny percentage of "genuine" sightings. The government conducts a lot of testing of experimental airframes. We're sure that they are the blame for many UFO sightings. A lot of test aircraft never go into production and quietly fade away when the test program is canceled or completed. The success of the new stealth aircraft suggest predecessors and follow-on development of even more advanced designs.

JFK was assassinated as part of a huge plot. Huge plot? Perhaps (with some recent evidence that's been revealed). There *was* more than one person involved. The question is "Who?" Suggestions range from organized crime figures to Cubans, jealous Republicans, and the military-industrial complex. We hope the full and complete answer to this American tragedy is someday revealed.

JFK didn't die, he lived on in a coma. We've both heard this one. The shock of the popular president's death created denial in a great many people. The story that the president wasn't really dead, just in a irreversible coma in a secret clinic somewhere is an extension of this denial process. It's tabloid journalism at best. We're sorry, but he is dead.

Marilyn Monroe was murdered. She committed suicide and to us there is little doubt about it. The murder theory arose from people being unable to accept that Marilyn could kill herself. Her suicide was no great surprise to many friends and colleagues in Hollywood. Her life was not all that happy.

The Bermuda Triangle disappearances are caused by aliens. This is a tabloid fantasy. The disappearances in the Bermuda Triangle have nothing to do with aliens.

The Bermuda Triangle disappearances are caused by Atlanteans. Since there never was an Atlantis to begin with, there can't be any Atlanteans to blame. The disappearances in the Bermuda Triangle have nothing to do with beings from a lost continent.

Walt Disney was put into cryogenic suspension when he died. Walt Disney was a beloved genius who brought joy and magic to millions of people. The shock of this

man's death created denial in a great many people. The story that Disney was frozen to be revived in the future was an extension of this denial process. Walter Elias Disney was cremated and he was inurned in a Hollywood cemetery.

The Soviets are tampering with our weather. This is paranoid garbage. We're sure that this story originated with one of the tabloids. Full-scale weather control might be possible someday but not today.

The Soviets have psychic assassins. Although research into this possibility has definitely been carried out, it appears that nobody has ever been found with strong enough powers to kill from a distance.

Scientists have successfully transplanted brains. They supposedly have in small animals but *never* in humans. It is *extremely* doubtful that they ever will in humans because of the complexity of the nerve connections. This may be a slight possibility in the *very* distant future, though. Still, the reasons for doing this sort of operation at all seem like something out of *Frankenstein*.

The Government is suppressing useful inventions. Yes, there is some evidence to prove this rumor. The motivations for this are different in each case. It is much more likely, though, that the real suppression of useful inventions is occurring in the private business sector. The big corporations do this all the time. It is possible to make cars that almost never wear out and get over 100 miles to the gallon, for example, but think of the impact on business: Limited future sales.

Scientists have successfully transmitted objects through space. A transporter like on *Star Trek*? There is absolutely no way this has occurred. This is science fantasy. To do this, you would need a computer fast enough and with a big enough memory to map out the position of every atom in the subject to be transmitted, equipment to disintegrate the object, then (on the other end) reassemble the object, restoring every atom into molecules in the exact same pattern. We feel this is one of those few items in science fiction that will *never* be done. The scale and complexity makes the whole thing unfeasible within the next few generations.

The early Soviet space program was a hoax. There is some circumstantial evidence that the Soviets, in their propagandistic desire to win the space race and gain great international prestige, faked their first few flights. What, you say? Gagarin, Titov and Tereshkova, amongst others, may never have *actually* flown in *space*. There is probably no way to prove this theory. Maybe glasnost will reveal the truth. Imagine the humiliation the USSR would suffer if (when?) this is proven. Yes, there is a possibility that Shepherd and Grissom were the first men in space, and Glenn was the first man to orbit the Earth — not Yuri Gagarin (Юрий Гагарин) or Gherman Titov (Герман Титов)! Voskhod 1 ("Sunrise 1" — the sun rising on *real* Soviet manned spaceflight?) with its three men crammed into a stripped Vostok capsule, launched after the six U.S. Mercury flights, may have been the first manned Soviet flight. If this is true, it is one of the greatest scandals of the 20th Century.

The Apollo moon landings were a hoax. They were not. The proof that Man actually went to the Moon and returned is substantial. This type of rumor arose from those ignorant minds that could not accept that we had actually progressed far enough technologically to do it. Maybe it was a little sour grapes from the "other side" that didn't make it there and tried to deny our success. The landings were real beyond a shadow of a doubt. If either of us was the author of the book, *Capricorn One* (about a faked manned mission to Mars), we would sue any tabloid "journalist" for copyright infringement and/or plagiarism who uses this ridiculous story.

Aliens were waiting for us on the Moon. We don't know where it started but probably with some tabloid writer with a deadline to meet. The story goes that when *The Eagle* landed on the Moon in 1969, there were UFOs lined up on a distant crater rim watching the historic event. A friend in the space business told us that there were contingency codewords developed in case of certain events or occurrences. After listening to the entire set of conversations of Armstrong and Aldrin on the Moon, he found no such references. This is a hoax.

There is life on Mars and the Government is concealing it from us. Why? There is obviously no intelligent life on the planet and simple organisms would be no threat. One of the major goals of the Viking project was to see if life was present. The tests were negative or inconclusive, depending on who you talk to. Mars may have had life in the distant past but conditions now are no longer suitable to support it. Human civilization would not collapse into chaos upon discovery of simple organisms on the Red Planet. The scientific community would *not* have suppressed the discovery, especially Carl Sagan.

Elvis is still alive. Greater than life, the King's death was a devastating shock to his millions of fans around the world of all ages. Many refused to believe that He could actually be dead. They held on to the feeble hope that he had faked the whole thing to engineer a retirement. We both liked Elvis, too, but he *is* dead and nothing can bring him back. Sorry, folks. Just his music lives on.

The "Face" on Mars is artificial. It is only artificial in that it was created by man out of patterns of shadows and light. It is just about as legitimate as the Man in the Moon. Other strange "pictures", including one of a frog, have been seen by creative minds. Surely, ancient aliens had better things to do than carve out a shrine to Kermit the Frog, regardless of whether he deserves one or not. We will have a good laugh when future (and much better quality) pictures from Mars dispel this fantasy.

A high-powered laser caused the Challenger explosion. What? Believe it or not, Mark heard this one the same day as the disaster. A curious bit of information is that for the first time during a major American space launch there was no Soviet intelligence ship off the coast to monitor things. It was suggested that they knew the shuttle would explode and didn't want fragments to fall on their AGI. A Soviet agent outside of the Kennedy Space Center supposedly shot the shuttle out of the sky with a nearly invisible high-powered laser. We asked several experts if a laser could have drilled a hole in the solid rocket booster that would have passed as an O-ring failure. They said that it could if it was aimed accurately and powerful enough. Is this proof? No way. There is no evidence to support this story. It sounds like paranoid or anti-Soviet ravings. We feel that the shuttle tragedy was due to the O-ring failure.

The Government is suppressing miracle medicines. It is definitely true that the government, usually through the Food and Drug Administration, has banned many different drugs and delayed the legalization of others for legitimate reasons. There is no evidence (that we can find) that the government is intentionally suppressing miracle medicines, like cures for Herpes and AIDS, for some nefarious reason. Why would they?

AIDS is a genetically engineered weapon. Give us a break, please! It is not. We believe it is a completely natural viral strain that was geographically limited until relatively recently in history.

AIDS is divine retribution against homosexuals. This sick raving comes from disturbed homophobes and/or certain fundamentalist Christians. We'd be more apt to believe in divine retribution against liars, bigots, hatemongers, rapists, child molesters, certain TV ministers, and murderers than homosexuals.

Temporal Tidbits

"Kill My Grandfather? I Couldn't Even Find Poughkeepsie!" or Paradox, Shmaradox

by Bufo Calvin

"The timeship slipped gently into its new now—sixty years before its journey began. The chrononaut smelled the polluted air and smiled at the acrid proof of the primitiveness of the people of this era. There was no doubt that his superior knowledge and intelligence would make him a very wealthy man here. His smile faded into its own past as he realized his unorthodox arrival had been observed — his success depended on being taken for a native of this time. Dispassionately, he trained his laser on the six-year old boy, unaware that this youth would one day have a daughter who would give birth to a man of great importance, a man whose genius would change the world. Almost casually, the amplified light burned a hole through the night, ending the existence of the boy. The time traveler should have been smart enough to realize the foolishness of that act in the instant before he too ceased to exist. After all, he was a man of great importance, a man whose genius had changed the world . . ."

The above parable illustrates the so-called "Grandfather Paradox." In it, the man from the future kills his ancestor, thereby eliminating an essential building block for his own eventual birth. The paradox comes because if he kills his grandfather, he will never have been born. If he was never born, he cannot kill his grandfather. It becomes a logical absurdity — he can only prevent his birth by being born.

This concept has had fictional time travelers walking on eggshells for years. For instance, in Chilson's novel, *The Shores of Kansas*, the time traveler scans the mountain range upon his return, uncertain that it looks exactly the way it did before he took his trip into the past and fearing that he may have done something minor which has altered reality.

It is my contention that we don't have to fear that chrononauts are meddling in our past. First off, who would be stupid enough to do that deliberately? Let's say that you could pop back into Hitler's nursery and strangle the future dictator while he was still in the crib. While you would certainly prevent a lot of evil being done, it should be obvious that something which was a result of Hitler's actions could have been instrumental in your own genesis. Maybe you were conceived in the back of a Volkswagen. Purposefully changing the past in a major way is like a deep sea diver cutting their own hose — possible, but not likely.

Even if someone was fanatical enough to want to change the past, ignoring all possible risks, how easy would it be? All of the evidence points to time travel being a natural phenomenon. Chrononauts appear to be somewhat like monkeys who have discovered how to leap onto a moving train. They don't know where (or when) the train is going, although they've come to recognize the signs that a train is approaching. A "vortex" area is like knowing where a train track is — one can be fairly certain that a chrononaut calculates for the impending presence of Mark Gardner's postulated antichronons, and simply rushes to be there at the right time to intercept them.

If the above theory is true, the time traveler cannot be prepared for being at a specific event. Just as our rail-riding monkey may end up in Seattle or San Francisco, so might the time traveler end up in Ancient Rome or the Gay Nineties.

Of course, one could simply tote an Uzi around and begin firing at random upon phasing into one's new time

(Continued on Page 16)

Visit to Fairyland

Fairies and the UFO Connection

by Joy Barish

In *Poltergeist: A Study in Destructive Haunting* by Colin Wilson one reads, "In August (18th) 1977, Stephen Jenkins and his wife in a spot near Borley Rectory saw four 'men' in black (black hoods and cloaked) carrying what appeared to be a black old fashioned coffin ornately trimmed with silver"!!

You might think this is too much but in 1901—76 years before—similar figures were seen around Edenberry, Ireland by a Mr. Gowran, a friend of Dermut McManus (author of *The Middle Kingdom*) in the Clonmillan Shee (fairy) area. A group of dark figures (like the 1977 case) was standing in a circle about 10 feet in diameter. They had no capes or top hats like the first group but were all in black, standing around a coffin-like box but, in this case, on top of the box or coffin were a pair of old Irish bagpipes (drones). One wonders if they were silver. Anyway, the coincidence here 76 years apart in two different countries is pretty amazing, I think, and too close to MIBs we read about re UFOs to be set aside. In both cases the groups had on black capes or shawls hanging from their heads.

In the 1977 case the MIBs had skull-like faces and the "shawls were draped around the top hats of the men". In the Irish case they hung down to the ground.

In *Strange Magazine*, November 1988, there is an article by Ken Meaux, "High Strangeness Weirdness Encounter". I read of a 10 year old girl who observed three strange figures gliding down the street of an unnamed town in a sort of "Charlie Chaplin"-like unison.

The child ran for her father who alone heard a *loud snapping noise* which was quite distracting. He then went to call his brother who lived down the street and when he came out on his porch, he observed nothing.

This reminds me of a possible fairy sighting (human-sized) I had in Ireland, near Limerick, in May 1984 on an ordinary highway. I saw a tall female figure all dressed in red with a tutu. My husband, driving a small rental car, saw nothing of the red figure. He says he saw a man crossing the street but I didn't see this at all. The figure I saw raised its arms, twirled and danced a bit, and instantaneously dematerialized in the middle of the highway. I got amnesia immediately and could only recall for a bit it standing by the hedgerow.

The 1977 case experienced by Stephen J. and his wife near Borley Rectory (in England) also occurred near a hedgerow. Stephen and his wife were in the act of turning left into the hedge.

I've read of the trolls in Sweden—tall, thin men dressed in black. Trolls and other types were known to ask humans ridiculous, nonsensical questions with rather diabolical results if the human couldn't give the right answer. Again, we think of the MIBs in Brad Steiger's and John Keel's books asking nonsensical questions.

Now what the absolute identity of these MIBs is no one really knows. A lot of speculation but no one really knows if they are actually connected with the UFOs (I would opt for this) or CIA agents. I think both have been associated with high strangeness UFO cases. I had a penfriend once years ago—a young man from Long Island—who told me of an intense observation which he underwent while on a Long Island train years ago. A man, all in black, just stared at him. He had appeared out of nowhere and when the young man turned to look at him again, he was gone.

Dermut McManus wrote the amazing *The Middle Kingdom*. I have attempted in years past to get to the "Lis Ard" Mound in County Mayo, re. fairies. The Lis Ard is pictured near his grandfather's big house (mansion to us) in this area about 30-40 miles from Galway. In a rainstorm there my husband and I absolutely could not find this place, in spite of more or less straight directions from the village where we had stopped for lunch.

(I certainly never expected a year later to find a fairy on a highway near Limerick but it's all true or I wouldn't be putting it down in this article.)

The Lis Ard incident had to do with one of his aunt's servant girls. She lived in his grandfather's mansion and tried to get back to see her family in 1935. She didn't quite make it due to the Lis Ard Mound.

Dermut McManus felt that the bagpipes were to commemorate the passing of a great piper. "The Fairy Host" he called these tall, thin men in black. But now, in a day when the word *fairy* evokes only giggles and maybe compassion for our sanity at best, we find the same tall, thin men in black.

In "The First Proceedings of the International UFO Congress" there was a case in May 1967 of a strange caller to a Mrs. Ralph Butler of Owatonna, Minnesota. He identified himself as an Air Force officer. He was wearing "too new" clothes (too slick, she thought). We keep reading about this, don't we? He was 5'9", which is moderately tall, and had a kind of olive complexion and a pitted face. The latter characteristic especially shows a member of the fairy kingdom.

In another case—on page 285 of said book—there was a 300-pound, pasty-faced MIB who called on a suburban New Jersey family after they had seen a UFO like Mrs. Butler above. He spoke in a singsong voice like a recording!

I have read many descriptions of fairies who sound like this. In *Fairies at Work and Play* by Geoffrey Hodsen, is the sound and sight he had of undines (water fairies), by the side of Dab Ghyll (Wales?) Thirlmere, which sounded to him like singing in a high-pitched, yet full-toned, voice. It reached him as a series of broad vowel sounds generally on the ascending scale and ending incredibly high.

In a queer, very lucid dream I experienced years ago, I heard a terrible chanting and ducked down almost under a couch in my mother's house in New Bedford, Massachusetts. This terrible chanting seemed to come from across the street, from a house which was identical to my parents' house on Clinton Street. It was a terrifying sound. It is a bit close to singsong, like a speeded up phonograph record. I am pretty sure that it forecast my mother's death a few years later. It is described for fairies and UFO entities.

Getting back to MIBs: In *The Mothman Prophesies* by John Keel, on page 91, Don Estrelle, a public relations officer he knew well, told of being followed by a strange silent figure in a black coat and trousers. His face was dark and foreign-looking.

Newswoman Mary Hyre was once approached by a woman she calls "Mrs. Bryant" (also in *The Mothman Prophesies*), who told of normal-sized, normal-looking but dark or heavily tanned mean who came out of a flying machine, while she was coming back from work one night in West Virginia during the Mothman period of the 60's. She was terrified by something like a camera flash-gun going off and a sort of *flying machine*.

All sorts of boxes, like the "coffin" mentioned at the beginning of this article, have been observed. There are the black boxes regularly seen on UFOs (communications devices?) to a box seen by a 10 year old boy in the woods near Exeter, New Hampshire, years ago (in *Interplanetary Visitors*), with silver chaff (or something that looked like it) hanging from the antenna.

A woman, Daphne Payne, saw a box in 1935. It was whitish, floating in the corner of her in-laws' farmyard in Missouri, where she was temporarily staying with her husband at that time (*Fate*, Nov. 1971). A week later a barguest or "bogey beast", as described in Katherine Briggs' enormous *Fairy Encyclopedia*, appeared outside the back kitchen door, all white and woolly with glowing eyes. This is the type of creature called "devil" by the fundamentalist churches. They are probably all formless and can appear in any shape they wish, which also relates strongly to the UFO phenomenon.

In *The Middle Kingdom* two women in the 1950s saw something like a kitchen clock on a gate in a rural area of Ireland where they had just seen a small man. "A fairy, let's get out of here!" one said.

I feel the UFO question (solution?) is still in a pretty primitive state. Most people haven't read "Omens of Awareness" or "UFOs: An Initiated Account". I think these and similar books are ingested more by amateur investigators, such as myself, and the "pros" (which is more important!). I begged Budd Hopkins to read "Omens of Awareness" at a MUFON conference at Beverly Hills, Massachusetts, years ago. He said he had heard of it but from his writings and appearances on TV I doubt that he's read it. When investigators do, hopefully, all this will fall into place.

UFOs themselves are probably the outer auras of a vast hierarchy of entities from other dimensions or angels and their vast armies of devas.

It's interesting that in *Fairies at Work and Play* lake spirits were seen forming something that looked like a large glass bowl. It even had radial divisions in it that were extremely thin and glittering.

In another incident Hodsen observed certain lake spirits at Wythurn forming a balloon-like encasement of enormous and varying proportions in June 1922. A number of bright golden lights in the middle at various levels were these nature/lake spirits.

MIBs are a totally different category of deva or fairy, but they are part of the whole picture and can't be disregarded. As the tall, blond entities bring joy, hope, light, "they" question us nonsensically and send us on foolish errands, etc. Anything to bring down the light and prolong their own existence (avoid reincarnation) is Michael Topper's idea, but how valid this latter idea is I don't know.

Certainly there's the imitation factor in the pure fairy cases first discussed by S. Jenkins and then Mr. Gowran who, by the way, had childhood companions with him near the Clonmillan Shee in Ireland in 1901.

G. Hodsen observed a brownie in the Twenties, I think, in England imitating his boots and nightcap, and carrying buckets of water as it apparently had seen Mr. Hodsen do. This is rather mundane compared to "celebrating a funeral" as in the Irish and English cases spaced 76 years apart but it all fits together, I'm sure.

Fairies have been seen in Ireland having fairs and playing at "hurling" as they have probably observed the Irish villagers' sport. Wasn't it the poet Blake who saw a fairy funeral? The entities were as big as grasshoppers. I think in that case they were carrying a box.

We have to go beyond the MIBs again to a land that lies far beyond. It is described in Carlos Casteñeda's books. Realize that the solution is beyond fairies. It involves entering that "land" (astral and beyond) in our physical bodies.

Just be wary—it might be a fairy when you meet a MIB. Hopefully, not carrying a "coffin"!

I think one would prefer the ridiculous questions the Swedes experienced in the 17th and 18th Centuries with the trolls in Sweden's mountainous areas. We can't pick our confrontation with them as good or evil. We have to keep studying and researching in this area, ignoring crashed bodies at Roswell—that will get us nowhere. I

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[Editor's Note: I was not able to verify these sources but they seem correct.]

MONSTER MENAGERIE

The Hairy Man of the Caucasus

by Mark Gardner

Recently an overseas contact sent me a third or fourth generation photocopy of an old article from the Soviet magazine Техника Молодёжи (Technology for Youth). It is about a Russian military doctor who claimed to have personally examined a "hairy man" captured during WWII. The people in that part of the former Soviet Union call these things a *kaptar* or an *almasty* (or *almasti*), but we would probably say *yeti*. Although stories from the Soviet Union should be taken with a grain of salt, I present it here as an interesting story at the very least:

Я ВИДЕЛ АЛМАСТЫ

В декабре 1941 года подполковнику медицинской службы В. С. КАРАПЕТЯНУ довелось осматривать на Кавказе странного волосатого человека... begins the Russian article. I will translate the entire text for you:

I Saw An Almasty

In December 1941 Lieutenant Colonel V.S. Karapetyan of the Army Medical Corps happened to observe a strange, hairy man in the Caucasus. Our correspondent asked Vazgen Sergeyevich to tell us about that incident and his reaction to it 25 years ago.

"The man, who I saw," said the military doctor, "is as clear to me now as if he stood before my eyes. I examined him at the request of the local authorities. It was necessary to establish whether the strange man was a disguised saboteur. But it was definitely a wild creature, almost totally covered with light brown hair that resembled a bear's fur, without a beard or moustache, just a light hairiness on the face. The man stood completely upright, his arms hanging down. His height was more than medium, about 180 cm. He stood like an athlete, his very powerful chest pushed out. His eyes showed no intelligence, [they were] empty, purely like an animal's. He did not accept food or drink from people. He didn't say anything, just inarticulate sounds.

"I extended my hand to him and even said: 'Hello!' He did not react in any way. After the examination I returned to my unit and did not receive any further information about the fate of the strange creature."

The article goes on to mention that, with the help of an artist, a drawing of the creature was made from the doctor's memory. The photocopy I received did not include this illustration. After looking through some of my old paperback books, I suddenly found the same article reproduced in Don Hunter and René Dahinden's book, *Sasquatch*, including the drawing of the creature. The translation in Chapter 9 of the book is a bit different from my own. Mine is more literal and exact. I leave it up to the reader to believe the story or not. It *could be* true. I

[Editor's Note: I speak German and Russian passably, and can struggle my way (with the help of a dictionary) through Icelandic, Norwegian and Turkish. There are contributors to this publication who speak other languages, like French, Polish, Spanish and Japanese. If you find any interesting non-English newsclippings, go ahead and send them along. Thank you!]

SUBJECT: TIME TRAVEL

by Mark Gardner

Part III: In the Movies

Last time I wrote about the theme of time travel and/or temporal anomalies on television shows. This time I am going to conclude this series of articles by talking about time travel and time anomalies in the movies. Many interesting science fiction films have made good use of this genre. And not all of these movies were made for the silver screen—there are a number of TV movies that touched on this subject quite well.

So where should we begin? Well, that's easy! The film version of H.G. Wells' sci-fi classic, *The Time Machine*, of course. Since I covered this book extensively in Part I, I will not repeat the story again here. The classic film version with Rod Taylor and Alan Young was relatively faithful to the book, but only covered a small portion of the original story.

(Continued on Page 14)

This Strange World

Strange Happenings in Northeast Scotland

by Mark Gardner

I was very fortunate to have lived in Scotland for almost a year and a half while serving in the U.S. Navy. I was with the Naval Security Group at RAF Edzell, a small WWII-vintage air base in the northeast of Scotland. In the months to come I became quite familiar with Angus between the North Esk and South Esk rivers. I rented a small house in the historic town of Brechin (pronounced nearly like Breekin) and had many Scottish friends from Montrose, located on the North Sea. Having always been interested in the Strange and Unusual, I was well aware of the many stories of ghosts, spirits and little people in Scotland. In this article I will cover some of my own experiences, as well as stories that I heard. Please note: This article was written in mid-1991, prior to my 3-week trip to Great Britain in September 1991. Later articles will provide more info on these and other stories.

The Ghost(?) of Edzell Castle

Edzell Castle, located not far from the village of Edzell, is a partially restored castle ruin with a walled courtyard that contains a beautifully maintained garden. It is a famous and historical landmark—Mary, Queen of Scots, stayed there once and it was an old clan seat. Like nearly all castles—ruined or not—in Great Britain, there are whispers of a ghost that walks the tower at times. Unfortunately, unlike many other supposed haunts, I could never find anyone who knew details of this ghost.

One night, though, I was at a party at a nearby house rented by a couple of American servicemen. After awhile the party got a little too wild for my tastes. My friend and shipmate, Charlie, and I decided to walk back to the base. I don't remember exactly how far this is now, but it was at least five miles in pitch-darkness on wooded paths and country roads. Anyway, as we walked by the outside wall of Edzell Castle we suddenly heard a strange moaning sound. Even though it was a cool night, a sweat broke out on both of us. We both turned to look up at the half-ruined tower—something was up there, moving, in an opening! Without a single word we both took off running as if the hounds of hell were chasing us. Charlie and I ran at least a mile in the darkness before finally stopping to catch our ragged breaths.

To this day I wonder just what it was that Charlie and I heard and briefly saw at Edzell Castle. Back then, we two brave American sailors tried later to rationalize the whole thing away as a night bird of some kind, perched in the window. Nowadays, though, I'm not so sure...

The Ghost of the Careston-Finavon Road

The story goes that many years ago a man was hanged for cutting off a piece of a grand Spanish chestnut tree that stood at Careston Castle near Brechin. The tree was famous throughout the area and the laird of the castle was furious that someone would damage the tree. When the unfortunate man, Jock, was caught with the evidence of his vandalism, he was strung up in the very same tree.

After the death of Jock, though, the tree gradually withered away and died. As time went by, travelers on the road between Careston and Finavon claimed that the dead man's ghost would occasionally appear. Supposedly, Jock's ghost enjoyed playing pranks on unsuspecting passersby.

It has been many years since anyone has seen Jock, but one never knows when he'll next strike.

My Haunted House

When I had decided to move out of the barracks and off-base to place of my own, I had trouble locating something I could afford. I was looking for a large flat in the Brechin area. When one of my co-workers heard I was looking for a place, he suggested I take over his house because he and his family were moving to a larger place. I jumped at the chance and was hooked after viewing the place—it was a cute, two-story row house, the next to the end of six units. He then confided, jokingly, that I should be aware that the place was haunted. Curious, I tried to coax more information out of Dave. He claimed that one of his young daughters every now and again told her parents that "the nice lady came in to kiss me good night" (or words to that effect). He and his wife, of course, didn't *really* believe in ghosts—they thought it was just their child's imagination or a dream.

So, to be perfectly honest, I was a little bit anxious the first night I spent at 5/6 Andover Hill in Brechin. When I had signed the rental agreement with the owners, the Mitchells, I had asked about the property, of course. All they volunteered was that where my house was, two smaller houses had stood before. They were worn out and eventually torn down. One dwelling was built in their places, hence the reason the correct address was 5 & 6 Andover Hill. Anyway, that night and the weekend passed without any unusual sounds or sights. I was starting to believe that it wasn't haunted after all—then came about 2:00 a.m. on Monday morning. As I lay in bed almost asleep, I suddenly heard the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs. I was, frankly, scared out of my wits. I thought for sure that someone had broken in and I was done for. I looked around for some sort of weapon to defend myself with but there was nothing handy. So, as the light footsteps reached the top of the stairs, I did what many people might do—I burrowed under the covers and froze. I waited and waited for the bedroom door to come squeaking open but it didn't. I finally got up the nerve to get out of bed. I flung open the door—nothing was there! After that, though, I always slept through the "Monday morning footsteps" without waking. I was just grateful that "the nice lady"

didn't come in and kiss me good night, too. I probably would have had a heart attack!

Was this a ghost or not? Since I only heard what sounded like footsteps the one time and my eyes were tightly closed then, I don't know. Maybe it was just the house settling...

The White Lady of Hillside

It is said that a number of people over the years have seen a lady, dressed all in white, along the road at Hillside, near Montrose. The story goes that this is the ghost of a lady who escaped from a mental institution or asylum. It is certainly true that there have been a number of fatal one-car accidents in the area where she has been said to appear. Did the drivers swerve to avoid a white lady that suddenly appeared in their headlights without warning? I don't know. It's possible. Is the claimed origin of this spirit true? Is it possible that she was actually the victim of an earlier accident?

What is interesting is that I myself had a serious car accident while driving this road one night. I was heading back to Brechin from Montrose and had just come through Hillside. A pair of headlights suddenly appeared before me and I swerved to avoid them, hit gravel and rolled the car. What is strange, now that I think about it, is that I don't remember seeing a car, just the two bright lights. Could this be another, separate phenomenon? Or are the white lights the origin of the "white lady"?

I plan to research this more when I return to Scotland. I am especially interested in finding out if anyone has ever given her a lift, just like the phantom hitchhiker stories that are so popular here in the U.S.

The Phantom Pilots of Montrose Aerodrome

The aerodrome at Montrose was a bustling facility during the First and Second World Wars. Although it now stands abandoned, the stories of ghostly sightings have continued to the present day. The first official ghost on record appears to be that of Lt. Desmond L. Arthur, who was killed on May 27, 1913. While descending for a landing, the upper wing of the biplane collapsed and all control was lost. Unfortunately, in those days, parachutes were not standard equipment. Arthur was thrown from the out-of-control plane and fell to his death before many horrified eyewitnesses. Rumors persisted for some time afterwards that the plane had been deliberately tampered with by a disgruntled mechanic.

Many planes crashed and pilots died during these early pioneering days of flight. Lt. Arthur would probably have been quickly forgotten if not for the apparent fact that his spirit remained at the field. The aerodrome at Montrose became a training field after the war broke out in Europe. Beginning in 1916, personnel at the field began seeing a phantom pilot walking in front of them to the mess, only to vanish as it reached the door. The phantom pilot also appeared in other locations around the No. 2 Mess. On one occasion two men on sentry duty fled in terror when a figure they challenged faded away before their very eyes. Charges of desertion were quickly dropped when their story was told. The ghost of Lt. Arthur supposedly made his last appearance in early 1917 and was never seen again after a final, belated ruling from a board of inquiry cleared his name and blamed his death solely on the failed wing.

Then came the Second World War and Hurricane fighters were based at the airfield. One night in 1940, a German Heinkel bomber buzzed the field. An experienced night flier was sent aloft to intercept the German plane before it could return to bomb the field. By the time the pilot got into the air the German plane was nowhere to be seen. He was ordered to land. Landing at night on a dark field is by no means an easy task, even for an experienced pilot. The ground crew watched as he came in to land. After he touched down, he suddenly gunned the throttle and took off again. He circled and made another approach with the same results—Touchdown, followed by full throttles and back into the air again. On the third try he safely landed. His actions were apparently explained by his claim that on his previous attempts a phantom biplane had cut him off!

In 1942 a very strict and surly lieutenant (name unknown) crashed and was killed right after takeoff. Initially, the mechanic who serviced the plane and had had previous trouble with the pilot was accused of rigging the plane in revenge. The charges were dropped due to lack of evidence. In a startling parallel to the death and haunting of Lt. Arthur, this pilot began to appear quite often. It got to be such a nuisance, that all new flight cadets were eventually briefed on the "ghost" upon arrival. The sightings gradually faded away, but from time to time this phantom pilot was seen entering the building that had formerly housed the base morgue. It is unclear if he is still appearing today.

As if all of this wasn't strange enough, listen to the experience that Sir Peter Masefield had on May 27, 1963—the 50th anniversary of Lt. Desmond Arthur's death: On that day, the famous British aviation figure was flying his personal airplane along the east coast of Scotland. He decided to fly over the now-abandoned airfield he had flown from during the war. To his surprise he suddenly saw an old biplane directly over the aerodrome. Then he saw one of the wings buckle and the plane spin into the ground. The shocked Sir Masefield made a landing on a nearby golf course and ran to the old airfield. Nothing! He was bewildered to discover that there was absolutely no trace of the accident he had just seen. So it seems that the restless spirit of Lt. Arthur might still occasionally reenact his last moments.

Today the abandoned airfield is used as a campground, people take their dogs for walks there, and several old hangars are used by local businesses. One can't help wonder if every once in awhile someone sees a figure walking in front of them, wearing flight gear. I intend to do a lot of research into this subject and take pictures when in Scotland next time. I am considering writing a long feature article or maybe even a book on the ghosts of the Montrose aerodrome.

The Lass in the Park

From the upstairs windows of my house, I had a good view of a park across the way. I often watched the children playing and the adults strolling. The park was mostly grass with a path, a few benches and play equipment for children. The South Esk River flowed quietly on the far side of the park. This park was a haven for me, because I was very upset that the lass I had been in love with for many months had been snatched away from under my very nose by someone else. I often sat watching the calm waters on their way to the sea. It was a beautiful spot.

One day I was sitting at my favorite spot, when a shadow fell across me. I looked to see what was causing the shadow. It turned out to be a lovely Scottish lass with long, blonde hair. I nodded at her and then looked back at the river, not wanting to stare. With that wonderful Scottish accent she commented that it was a fine day and asked if she could sit down. With my heart beating, I told her to go right ahead and I moved over a bit.

After a pause, she asked if I was an American. I said I was and expected her to leave, not wanting to sit by a bloody Yank. To an American serviceman overseas, it seems as if half the locals like you and the other half hate you. I was surprised, then, when she said she had never met an American before. Her name was Catherine and she had been born near Montrose and raised in Brechin. We began to talk about ourselves and our families. I also found out that she was an adopted child, as I am.

About half an hour later, she told me that she had to hurry home. I asked her where she lived but she just smiled and said that she'd see me again. I hoped so, as I watched her walk away.

Because of the rotating shifts I worked and the odd sleeping hours I kept, I wasn't able to get to the park for about a week. I was just about to give up and go home, when I saw her coming across the grass towards me. I noticed that she was wearing the same old-fashioned dress that I'd seen before. I didn't mind. I figured that her family must be poor and that she only had the one nice dress. We talked for what seemed like hours. As the sun was nearing the horizon, she again said that she must go.

We met irregularly at the park several times over the next few weeks. I began to feel strongly attracted to her and realized that I was falling in love. I debated telling her for a long time but I could not get up the nerve. I was afraid of rushing things and losing my new friend. So, I kept my feelings to myself. She always changed the subject whenever I asked where she lived. When I invited her back to my place for tea, she would always say that it was improper for a young lady to be alone at an unmarried man's home. I respected her quaint feelings.

Eventually, though, I could wait no longer and when she left to go home one day, I blurted out that I was in love with her. She turned back to me quickly with tears in her eyes. She rushed back and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. Before I could return the favor, she was away again down the path.

I had wondered why I couldn't visit her at her home. She had said something about her mother's ill health several times but never any specifics. Did her family dislike Americans? That was a possibility. Maybe she had a fiancé or husband and I was a secret friend. Maybe she was an unwed mother and thought it would scare me off. I just didn't know. My curiosity got the best of me, though, and I quietly set off down the path after her. I followed at a distance and did my best to be as silent as possible. Luckily, she did not look back in my direction.

A short time later, she went through an area of trees and climbed up the steps to the Brechin Cathedral. I hurried up after her, not wanting to lose sight of her. As I got to the top, I saw her rounding the corner of the building. I ran quickly to the corner and peaked around it. She was nowhere to be seen!

Wondering where she could have gone so quickly, I ran to the far side of the church cemetery and looked out at the street. She wasn't there, so I went back and tried the front door of the building. It was locked. Thinking that she might be hiding, I looked up and down the rows of old tombstones to see if she was hiding. She was nowhere to be seen. In the growing darkness, I went on home, very confused.

I did not see her for several weeks and figured that I must have scared her off. I was really disappointed that my friend no longer met me in the park. One day in early July, I was in Montrose to visit a new girlfriend when I was involved in a terrible automobile accident. Although I was not seriously injured, my Austin was totaled. I spent a couple of nights at the local hospital. Two friends from Brechin were my only visitors during my stay. Or were they? Lorraine, a nurse there, told me that a young lady had turned up to ask about me on the day of the accident. When they asked her if she wanted to visit me, she declined and left. Could this have been Catherine?

A week after the accident, I sat at my old spot at the river. Thinking of nothing in particular, I was brought back to reality by a shadow. I turned immediately and there stood Catherine! I stood up, happier than I had been in a very long time. She reached out and touched my still visible bruises.

We sat down on the bench and she took my hand. She apologized for not seeing me sooner and told me that she had heard of my accident. I thanked her for coming and we talked for a long time. I let her know that I had missed her very much and had only started seeing another person out of loneliness. I told her that I loved her and wanted us to date. She blushed and looked away. After a few moments, she turned back to me. With tears in her eyes, she told me that this would be our last meeting. With a broken heart, I asked her if she was in love with someone else. She laughed at my question. Becoming serious again, she told me that she had to go away soon and would not be coming back to Brechin. I was *very* upset by this.

I gave her an awkward embrace and told her that I would never forget her. As tears rolled down my cheeks, she got up and quickly walked away. She did not look back as she left. As I had before, I followed her at a distance.

As before, she rounded the corner and disappeared. I looked everywhere for her, calling her name. Suddenly, I looked down at a weathered stone in front of me. The name was worn away, but I could read something like "Beloved Daughter. Died Aged 19 Years."

Had my friend been a ghost?!? Only the old lady who lived next door to me claimed to have seen her with me in the park. Everyone else I knew claimed that they had never seen me sitting with anyone.

I thought about it occasionally after I returned to the United States. How could I forget? After my enlistment was up, I went back to Scotland on vacation to celebrate my return to civilian life. I visited places, like Loch Ness, that I had never had time to see before. And I sat at my old place in Brechin by the river, hoping that Catherine would show up. She never did. I walked by the cathedral once but could not get up the nerve to go back in and look at the tombstone I had seen more than a year before.

Was she real or not? I'll probably never know. But I had actually, physically touched her on more than one occasion. She sure seemed alive and real to me. One friend of mine even suggested that she was a guardian angel sent to help me through my depression at that time. Whatever the case, now, whenever someone sits next to me in a park, a bus or a movie theater, I take a good look at them and wonder about *their* reality.

Some Odds and Ends

A friend of mine from Fettercairn told me that he was fishing once in the North Esk, when he suddenly began to hear faint bagpipe music apparently coming from the water. He quickly decided to fish elsewhere, because his grandmother had once warned him about water spirits that liked to lure people into the water and drown them.

An acquaintance from Laurencekirk told me that he and his brother had once seen something that looked like a glowing white wolf, running across a field.

When I was at Loch Ness, I chanced upon a farmer in his field as I walked from Drumnadrochit to Urquhart Castle. He had seen "humps" in the loch several times, of course, but he was more impressed by the kelpie he had seen as a young lad. He had been checking the fences of the family farm, when he heard something like a horse whinny. He looked down towards the loch and saw a wet horse standing on the shore. He had been sure that it was a kelpie, come up out of the loch to try to trick some poor soul into riding it—with fatal results, of course. He made sure to tell me, though, that he had not actually seen it come up out of the water. So, it *could have been* a normal horse that had gotten loose and it *had* rained earlier that day. Still, you never can be too sure about a kelpie or the *each uisge* (Gaelic for "water horse"). I

(Continued from Page 10)

The classic *It's A Wonderful Life* has a bit of a theme of time travel in it. George Bailey gets to see what the world would have been like if he had never been born — his absence in the past changed the future with quite devastating effects. He realizes that his ordinary life isn't that bad after all - he's the "richest" man in town.

Of course, there were many B-grade movies in the past in which the theme of time travel featured prominently. I will not list this movies here — there were simply too many of them to cover adequately. There was an explosion of sci-fi movies during the 50's and 60's — some quite good and some quite bad.

In *The Girl, the Gold Watch and Everything* a young man inherits a pocket watch with a surprising ability — it can stop the flow of time! Of course, there are some less-than-savory characters who wish to acquire the watch for criminal purposes. The story revolves around the chase.

A very fascinating movie is *The Time Bandits*. A group of dwarfs steal a map which shows where the "holes" in time are. They use this information to travel through time to various places and times, and steal stuff. An English boy gets dragged into their adventures.

When I was in the Navy, I enjoyed *The Final Countdown*. It is about a modern, nuclear-powered aircraft carrier that sails through a time warp and ends up near Hawaii just prior to the Pearl Harbor attack on December 7, 1941. Their dilemma is whether they should do something to help, possibly changing history, or sit by and do nothing, thereby preserving history.

There have been many movies in which characters must travel back from the future to our time to apprehend a criminal or to change history. Some examples are *Timestalkers*, *Time After Time*, and *The Terminator*. There are a number of other good ones in this vein.

In *Somewhere in Time*, starring Christopher Reeve, a young man travels back in time, where he finds love.

Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home is a very entertaining story about time travel. A huge alien probe arrives in Earth orbit, but becomes very upset when it gets no response from the whales it had sought out — they've become extinct through Man's stupidity. Our favorite starship crew must travel back in time to retrieve some humpback whales to save the world.

A sentimental favorite of many people is *Peggy Sue Got Married*. In this movie a woman collapses at her high school reunion, only to wake up and find herself actually back in high school again. With all of her adult memories and experiences intact, yet a teenager again, she decides to do things differently than she did before. Only at the very end does she realize that changing things won't make anything better and it will cancel out the birth of her children. She eventually awakens in the present. I

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RESEARCH TIPS

FORTEAN RESEARCH ON A BUDGET
Tip #3 — Communication Costs: Phone vs. Mail

by Gary S. Mangiacopra

I dislike quoting from second-hand newspaper or magazine sources, and so should you budding fortean writers. No matter how accurate the written account that you have acquired may seem, much more valuable data can be acquired from an observer of any fortean phenomena and an attempt should be made by him/her to do so to acquire more details of the events.

But how can it be done — especially in these tight economic times where one cannot afford travel costs or time lost from your job (if you are working) to personally visit a witness? How do you arrange times that are convenient for you, the investigator, and the witness? And what of a witness that may be literally on the other coast or in another country? Can you afford the phone calls trying to contact these witnesses? Phone bills can start to run into a considerable amount quite easily.

What is the best, most convenient, and still reliable form of communication at the most nominal of costs? The Postal Service.

It is this national service, that may forteans have neglected, that I shall expand upon.

On the few occasions that I had to use the phone trying to contact fortean witnesses, I had found it not to be the most convenient form of communication. I may have contacted the person at a most inopportune time, or there was another person present in the room and the individual could not speak as freely as he wishes. Also, the phone bills can easily drain one's meager financial reserves alloted for such an esoteric hobby.

I therefore found that a letter, the most basic and simplest form of communication, was the best way to communicate at next to nothing costs and get a favorable response from the observer.

But how does one contact a witness if one does not have their address? Most newspaper accounts list the town or city that the individual is from.

First: Write a simple, brief as possible letter stating that you are investigating such fortean phenomena (be it a sea-serpent, lake monster, UFO, Bigfoot, falls from the skies, or who knows what). State that you had read of the account in which the observer was mentioned on such and such date, and that you are trying to acquire additional information on this individual sighting. Tell them that you have a questionnaire and ask them if they are willing to fill it out in order to acquire all possible data that the individual may be able to provide. (I have an 11-page form questionnaire that I use for sea-serpent and lake monster sightings. As for Bigfoot or UFOs, contact those in this field and see what type they have developed.)

A good book from your local library on how to be a newspaper reporter would be of immense help in preparing the letter of inquiry. Have it typed as professionally as possible, using quality paper, etc. [Some libraries will have specific books on writing letters of inquiry. Our local one does — *The Editor*]

Now that you have the letter of inquiry, how does it reach that person if you don't know their address? Try their local library. What I do is have the letter of inquiry ready, sealed inside of a stamped envelope—which also contains a S.A.S.E. (self-addressed, stamped envelope) for the witnesses to reply with. Without it, the witness may not bother to answer you. Then place this envelope with the witness name, a blank space for the street address, town, state and zip code (if known) inside a large envelope. Address it to the MAIN PUBLIC LIBRARY of the town the witness is from. Even without a specific street address, the local mail service will get it to the library. You should probably enclose a note stating that you are trying to contact Mr. So and So of their town, but do not have their address. The local librarian will usually check the local phone book for the address, write in the address on the stamped envelope and mail it. [Personally, I would try to contact the witness through the local Postmaster. Either way, it should work — *The Editor*]

Then you must wait. If the individual is still living in the town, the letter will be received and it is their option to answer it or not. Unfortunately, I have found that after the sighting is printed in his local paper, the witness will tend not to discuss it with anyone else. I have found that for every ten letters of inquiry I send out this way, I may get *one* back. Even if the reply is that the person does not wish to discuss what had happened previously.

A few other researchers, who I have met at past INFO Fests, informed me that their ration is about the same.

This is why using the postal service is the most cost-efficient in both money and time. What is the total cost? Three first class stamps, three envelopes (small, legal and larger than legal), and 2 sheets of professional typing paper. Of course, you need a word processor or typewriter. Total cost for supplies is just over $1.00.

This $1.00 would barely pay for a couple of minutes on the phone speaking to one witness. When you multiply this by the response ratio, using the phone can quickly exhaust your research funds.

So stop complaining about the postal service and use it! Otherwise, you won't get anything done! I

Comments? You can contact Gary % SUPRA!

(Continued from Page 7)

period. That would naturally change things—or would it? Even if one threw an A-Bomb into the time-stream, it might end up over Siberia in 1908, where it would do (relatively) little damage (see references to the Tunguska Event or the Great Siberian Explosion elsewhere).

Some people would have you believe that the slightest interaction with the past could radically alter the path of history. I know this is my most controversial point, but I don't think one person can change the world that easily. There is a "weight of history" that must be behind an action to have it come about successfully.

Take the assassination of JFK, for example. So many factors were in place to allow that to happen that it would not have been a simple matter to derail that time express. If the man who pulled the trigger was stopped, the psychological and sociological conditions existed to produce another assassin. People and events do not evolve in a vacuum. The Wright Brothers may have flown first at Kitty Hawk, but there were others not far behind them. If they had failed, heavier-than-air flight would still have come about. Similarly, any writer knows that there are always other people working on the same idea—independently and simultaneously. That's why there are always so many lawsuits over who came up with the plot when a successful film comes out; our ideas are bred in part by the history and culture which we share with others.

This "weight of history" also eliminates accidental alteration. Eastern philosophers are fond of referring to the ripples a stone makes when thrown into a lake and how they seem to ever expand. But even if a hundred stones are thrown into a lake, they won't affect the outcome of a speedboat race going on in the center of it: "For the want of nail, the shoe was lost, etc." But what idiot would be out without a nail? Who wouldn't have another horse available? And if the kingdom was superior in battle expertise, would having the king not in the fight make it lose? I think not.

To prevent Hitler's reign of terror, you wouldn't only have to strangle him as a child, but you would have to change the German culture of the time. Fascism was arising in other lands as well. Surely another dictator would have seen the power that radio and hatred could have in Germany.

Does all this mean that I am a determinist, that I don't believe in free will? Not at all. I am not recommending inaction in the face of the inevitable. Someone else would have discovered relativity if Einstein did not, but he did. Changing the past seems unlikely to me, but you can change the future if you make your dreams a reality before another dreamer does! I

Editor's comments:

Most of the above makes sense. Time is very strong and hard to change without tremendous exertion. I feel that the following things should be considered:

1. Going into the past and rewriting history might be nearly impossible or have extremely narrow limits. For example, consider the Kennedy tragedy: How could you go back and prevent the President from dying that day in Dallas? It is circular logic, of a sort—if you prevent his assassination, it never happened and you would not at a future time have the idea or need to go back and save him, because he never would have died.
2. The "weight of history" that Bufo mentions is a concept I have long had. It may make many things impossible or self-fulfilling. For example, from a story I wrote, a time traveler goes back to save Buddy Holly from that plane crash that fateful night. He disables the plane so it cannot take off and crash. Unfortunately, his tampering ends up *causing* the crash, closing the loop. I feel that this is extremely plausible. A time meddler from the future may have actually caused the event in the past that they went back to prevent!
3. Remember, you could not do anything in the past at all that would affect your future existence. You could probably go back and kill a Kalahari bushman or a Mongolian yak herder without changing the stream of things leading up to your existence, but nearly everything in the Western world before your birth could be inaccessible to change. You would be unable to kill one of your own ancestors. Something would always prevent this from happening.
4. Speaking of something always happening to preserve the historical flow, I've had several story ideas covering a "law" of Time. In one a man from the future goes back to save Kennedy from the assassination. The time traveler arrives in 1963 minutes before the fateful shots and heads straight for the Texas Schoolbook Depository. With his thoughts more on his momentous preservation of the Kennedy presidency than where he is going, he steps off the curb and is run over by a truck, killing him and (of course) preserving the way things were meant to be. In another person's story, the hero of the book was prevented from stopping the assassination by a locked door. It could very well be that no matter how hard you try to change things, the harder the "weight of history" pushes back to preserve them.
5. Finally, there are those who would have us believe that we can't change our own past, but by going back and changing things we create a split in Time—our time-stream continues on its normal way and another slightly different universe branches off where the change took place. Where would all of the matter come from to create a new, nearly-the-same universe? Nowhere. It is a science fiction fantasy. We do not have the power to split off new universes with every choice or action we make. No, I am sure there is only one universe in one time-stream. I

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